

PS 3519
J3196S6
1922



PS 3519

.03196

S6

1922

Copy 1

Some Poems of the Ever-Living Soul

Thomas E. Johnson





PS3519
-O3196S6
1922

Copyright 1922
BY THOMAS T. JOHNSTON
All Rights Reserved

OCT 23 '22

© CI A691125

no 1

Some Poems of the Ever-Living Soul.

BY THOMAS T. JOHNSTON

1. A Road.
2. True Friendship's
Everlastingness.
3. Dreams.
4. May.
5. Attitude.
6. The World I Am
Walking Through.
7. The Sea.
8. The Voice of Flowers.
9. I'll Tell You Where.
10. True Friendship.
11. Mother.
12. Life's Talisman.
13. My Favorite Flower.
14. Yearning by the Sea
15. Today.
16. My Prairie Home.
17. Right Always Wins.
18. The Cry That Is Voiceless
19. The Maples.
20. I Dread to See the
Summer Go.
21. Friendship.
My Friend.
22. Yearning.
23. The Evening Hour.
24. Over and Over and Over
25. Resolution.
26. Love Will Always
Find Some Token.
27. Immortality of Friendship.
28. I Am Alone Since
You Have Gone Away.
29. Which?
30. The Flatterer.
31. "It Must Not Be Again."
32. Be Kind.
33. The Rain.
34. The Soul's Autumn Hope.
35. Gloucester.
36. Some Sunday Morning
Soliloquizing.
37. October.
38. Our Friends Out Over the Sea.
39. Our Task.
Soul's Apart.
40. Let Leaves in Sombre
Days Depart
41. My Own State—North Dakota.
42. The Nobility Of Nature.
43. Life's Broken Ships
44. Autumn.
45. Windows.
46. Beyond the Shadow.
47. Autumn Leaves.
48. November.
49. The Heart's Winter.
50. Manhood's Priceless Crown.
51. Clouds.
52. He Called Me Friend.
53. A Little Riddle.
54. The Sentinel.
55. The Bible.
56. My Life Is Just a Busy Street.
57. My Native North Dakota.
58. Abraham Lincoln.
59. The City.
60. Thy Redeemer Lives.
61. I Live Today.
62. Lure of the Gloucester Sea.
63. We the People to Our
President.
64. January.
65. On Loving Winter.
66. Out on a Misty Sea.
67. The Cross.
68. Evening Prayer.
69. I Can Hear Them Sweet and
Low.

A ROAD

One of the many things I love
 Is just a country road;
 It goes along, and goes along
 Persistently its way.
 It threads the plain, it climbs the hill
 And dips through forests, over streams,
 And on and on it hopes and goes,
 Sincere and eager, true and grand,
 Through day and dark, and wind and sun,
 Beneath cold stars or dazzling day,
 In winter storm or kiss of June
 Across the Empires stretched afar,
 Through towns that jot the plain,
 By country homes, and fields, and vales,—
 I wonder where it goes
 And never wearies of its quest!
 Go forth, my heart, on thy long road,
 That leads out yonder through the years,
 Through hopes and joys, and pains and tasks,
 Past friendship and to other friends.
 Go thy long quest, unwearied, undismayed.
 Somewhere the road leads, and 'mid sunset hues,
 That burst to sunrise, colored bright,
 You shall arrive,—
 Arrive strong-visioned and with sweet surprise,
 Arrive with vibrant joy and glad alarm,
 Arrive, whither the road leads.

One of the many things I love
 Is just a country road.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S EVERLASTINGNESS

One thing that wraps me round with cheer,
 And fills life's cup with happiness,
 Is deep belief in, year by year,
 True friendship's everlastingness.

Its life e'er knows a rugged youth,
 Deep, rich, perennial joyousness;
 The love of vast, eternal truth
 Makes friendship's everlastingness.

What e'er the changing scenes of time,
 Whatever fortune's bitterness,
 The trust holds firm, and high, sublime,
 In friendship's everlastingness.

What noble motives sweep the heart,
What passions thrill to blessedness,
And hold us faithful to each part
Of friendship's everlastingness.

Our lives are like a passing breath,
They come and go with suddenness,
But faith is firm there is no death
To friendship's everlastingness.

3

DREAMS

I build me a shining palace of dreams
Out on the fields of vision and light,
A palace where the glory gleams
Beyond the shadows of the night,
And where the wealth of living seems
My very own by toil and right.

But when I wake my dazzling palace falls
And slips into a fading past,
I yearn in vain its vanished walls
And call for palaces that last,
With Heaven laughing at my calls.

No, dreams are not the real abiding stuff
To build the palaces of living with,
Of consecration they have not enough
And not enough of toil and faith.

For dreams are lazy, and they sleep and shirk,
They swoon away upon fantastic air,
We build life's palaces with work;
No idle dreams can lift them there;
What builds each true abiding part,
Is toil of arm and mind and heart.

To work is true life's noblest use of days,
For toil will build the palace walls;
Who labors only is deserving praise
In best aristocratic halls.
There is no dignity apart from toil,
No merit big for arm or soul,
The mind must burn the midnight oil,
The spirit break to be made whole.

MAY

Come, May, with your garlands of flowers,
 April truly has drenched us with tears,
 We need amid snows and the showers
 Some springtimes to glint through our years.

Come, bring us our God robed in beauty,
 We have seen Him so sturdy in storm;
 Amid the hard labors of duty
 Your heart-throb is cheering and warm.

You dance so light-footed with gladness,
 You are singing sweet-voiced through the days
 Come, hush us from crying and sadness
 And stir us to tumults of praise.

Come, touch all the earth to new vigor
 From the valleys to hillside and field,
 Till they laugh at the storms and their rigor;
 Prepare them to blossom and yield.

Come, May, with your baskets of flowers,
 With your perfumes, your smiles, and your songs,
 You dance at the "top of the hours"
 Where the Daughter of Heaven belongs.

And soon all life's storms and its sorrow
 By God's kindness will scatter away,
 His May-baskets of flowers Tomorrow
 Will sweeten the breaking of Day.

ATTITUDE

No man will I suspect
 Until I know him wrong.
 I'll give the credit of the doubt;
 I will not think him bad,
 Until I know by facts that prove.

No man will I condemn
 Until he cuts me to the heart,
 Or hurts another life;
 And then will not condemn
 Until I know that I have not deserved
 Or others, what he perpetrates.

And no man will I hate,
Whatever wrong or sin he does,
And though I know him wrong,
Love him yet, try to forget,
Pity perhaps, but never hate.

6

THE WORLD I AM WALKING THROUGH

The world is all atune as I walk by,
Its heart is throbbing faithful with my heart,
My eager eyes behold a smiling sky,
My gladsome soul doth find in every part.
Of earth that bounding joy I thrill to see;
And folks to whom I call as on I go,
Show friendship and sing back to me
The voice of joy that makes my spirit glow;
And all the flowers blush with loving fire,
Their silent gladness seems to laugh and croon,
The world is bent on one divine desire
To stir to louder note life's inner tune.
The heart I look from as I trudge the sod,
Beholding truth and beauty every day,
Bids me to press my journey on to God
And sing, and work, and worship on my way.

7

THE SEA

The bosom of the sea is tossed and tossy,
And shows whatever zest with which imbued,
Sweet, musical, or wild and saucy,
According to her mood.

She is a sea of passion and of deep emotion;
She froths with rage, or lies so placid, still
Now laughs, now leaps to high commotion,
Whatever is her will.

She's sensitive as any country maiden,
Or bold as law, or dignified as art!
And now she sings, and now with sorrow laden
Whatever moves her heart.

Now night beclouds, now daytime doth illumine,
Now storms tear high the fretted sea;
The way she acts, I guess she's mighty human,
And much like you and me.

THE VOICE OF FLOWERS

Love flowers—love their happy faces,
 Their cheery ways, their laughter and their glee,
 Their gentle manners and their dainty graces,
 Their joy in sunlight, breeze and liberty.

'Twas God who planted them to beauty
 And taught them how to grow and smile all day,
 He gave them zest to sweetly do their duty
 And help to drive earth's sorrow far away.

'Tis sweetly strange how little smiling flowers
 Can radiate good cheer and banish pain,
 Can turn life's sorrow into golden hours,
 And drive away life's clouds, and storm, and rain.

Theirs is a true and sacred mystery,
 A secret infinite lies at their heart,
 They whisper that in glad Eternity
 All trials and pain and sorrow shall depart.

So we shall keep on loving flowers
 That grow and smile from out the springtime sod,
 Such love is exercise of life's best powers—
 And loving them is really loving God.

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE

I'll tell you where the air is good,
 The spirit glad, the heart made free,
 Nor is there crowding multitude
 But room and open liberty,

Where neither noise nor pressing throng
 Bring hard confusion here and there,
 But all is quiet, save some song
 Of bird that thrills the vibrant air,

And where the heart of human-kind
Is wholesome, big with friendly mien,
And where the yearning soul may find
A satisfying, happy scene,

Where field and hill, and road, and dell,
Are lovely to the dreaming eye,
And where their voices speak out well
That earth has kinship with the sky.

I'll tell you where you want to go
When tired of tasks that take the prod
To get the rest that pleases so
And find sweet fellowship with God,

It's in the country.

10

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is sweet where friendship is true—
No motive ulterior, no price to be paid,
No secret devices, no object in view,
No urge to fulfillments of bargains once made.

Friendship that lives for friendship's own sake
Where mutual enjoyment enriches each soul,
Where to please is the passion, to give and not take,
And ardors spontaneous know Love's true control.

Such friendship is pure as the Heavens above—
Its spiritual values and virtues are true,
Its sacred investments of trust and of love
Are the golden delights our yearnings pursue.

And friendship so real, so noble, so high,
Can never be broken by time or the tomb;
No power so tender and rugged can die;
No tempest or trial can whither its bloom.

MOTHER

She totters towards the tomb,
 Frail, sad and weary for her rest,
 As all the light of sunset bloom
 Late lingers in the west.

Her step is trembling, slow,
 No roses blush on her wan cheek
 The vital spark of life burns low
 And she is worn and weak.

In these quick twilight hours
 My soul would gently fold her near
 And crown with garlands of fine flowers,
 And wrap her heart with cheer.

Love lingers in her eyes
 Though snows of north-winds touch her hair;
 Love's passion lives and never dies
 For God hath put it there.

LIFE'S TALISMAN

Hard work is life's great talisman,
 The charm of genius and of skill,
 Our victory is through enterprise,
 Achievement is through heart and will.
 Who labors hard and labors long
 Has caught the vision of success,
 Life's battle goes unto the strong,
 Life's wisdom is through studiousness.

For those who lazy, and who shirk,
 There is no merit or reward,
 True glory comes to those who work—
 Work long, and true, and late, and hard.

MY FAVORITE FLOWER

Of all the flowers that lift their lovely heads,
 And smile good cheer and joy to lonely hearts,
 And tell, with silent voices, God is good
 And that his love is strong and ne'er departs,

And bid you go your way with earnest mien
And loyal to the best your spirit knows,
Of all the flowers I have ever seen,
I choose for me Dakota's Prairie Rose!

Its sweet abandon and its simple way
Of pushing hopeful from the summer sod,
And casting fragrance on the yearning day,
And being talkative of life and God,
Are all an innocence like childhood's dreams;
A simple dignity that lifts its face, and grows,
With gladsome enterprise to bless the world,
What mission fine, Dakota's Prairie Rose!

And when my heart is hurt and hit with pain,
And sorrow leads me broken on my way,
Till songs are hushed, and not to lift again,
And laughter dies and gladness goes away,
I sometimes wish that I could grow and smile
Out on the prairie where the zephyr blows
And speak a lovely message all the while,
And be a wild Dakota Prairie Rose.

14

YEARNING BY THE SEA

This is the sea of azure
That touches the western sky,
Where our dreams sail forth to their pleasure
And our fancies frolic high,
Where the wind is weird and lonely
And carries our hopes afar,
And the old storm sings
And beats its wings
For a flight to some distant star.

O life is a dream of sorrow,
A longing by the shore,
A passion to sail to Tomorrow
And to ride the high waves o'er—
To ride past the pain and the heartbreak
And out to the sky of God;
Let the waves of foam
Bear our spirits home
From this bleak and alien sod.

TODAY

Today, if I can bend my back
 To lift another's load,
 Or speak good cheer to any life
 That presses on the road,
 Or tell some sorrow-stricken one
 About the love of God—
 It shall be good to live Today,
 And Today shall live in memory.

MY PRAIRIE HOME

How level lies the land out to the sky,
 The azure lifts above the curtains rare,
 All simple beauty greets the eager eye,
 While Dawn and Spring give nectar to the air.

These sisters are sweet twins of lovely form—
 We name them Dawn and Spring in earnest love
 They are so kindly after Winter's storm,
 So passionate with beauty from above!

Across the plains they dance and laugh with mirth
 And frolic in youth's joyousness and powers,
 They call good cheer down to the stirring earth,
 And up, in answer, laugh the happy flowers.

And such is living in the great wide West
 When all throbs vibrant, touched by Dawn and Spring
 All tempests of the soul are calmed to rest,
 The heart of life takes eager voice to sing.

I may go far, and many miles and years—
 And over distant parts my life may roam,
 But what e'er joys or victories or tears,
 I never shall forget my Prairie home.

RIGHT ALWAYS WINS

Right alone is safe and guarantees support,
 Wrong wrecks its ruthless ruin, soon or late,
 Wrong cuts life's promise and its progress short,
 Turns victory to bonds and love to hate.

Wrong clips joy's strong and eager wings,
 That carry souls in rapture to the sky;
 Wrong's ugly heart is sad, and never sings,
 Wrong makes the peace and thrill of soul to die.

The dignity of life is lost thru sin,
 Right holds the heart to beauty and the best,
 Wrong overthrows, and welcomes falseness in.
 Right gives the spirit quietude and rest.

Right lives on levels that are grand and high.
 And moves by motives honest and sublime.
 Diplomacies of wrong shall fail and die,
 Vitalities of right out-distance time.

Truth never needs to play a clever plan,
 But evil whets its shrewdness sharp and keen,
 It seeks to well deceive both God and man,
 Black at the heart, an angel form is seen.

And yet its folly and its clever lies,
 However shrewd and skillful each detail,
 Can never pay with errorless disguise.—
 It is the game that never fails to fail.

God has ordained to show the sham in things,
 He tears the mask from falsehood's smiling face,
 Hypocrisies and lies he always brings
 From bold deception to deserved disgrace.

But goodness humbly waits with trustful prayer,
 It holds to hope and faith and kindly voice,
 It leaves its fortune to Jehovah's care,
 It waits in patience and doth soon rejoice.

Amid its sorrow and its pulsing pain,
 It knows that God will sometime look its way.
 From loss and sorrow life will know great gain.
 From dark and anguish there will burst the day.

THE CRY THAT IS VOICELESS

There's a cry in my heart that is voiceless,
 Imprisoned, and deep as the night;
 How it yearns through the lingering day-time,
 And sobs in its sorrow for light;
 How it tugs in my soul through the darkness,
 Its answer seems hopeless and far,
 It dreams of a love that is distant;
 It pleads for the glint of a star.

Its the cry of a soul at its dreaming
 And lonely and nowhere to go,
 And none to answer its yearning
 Through empires of flowers or snow;
 From edge to far edge of the planet
 I trudge o'er the desert of years;
 To hope seems my folly persistent,
 To hope through the blindness of tears.

They tell me that Infinite Goodness
 Directs all my ways in his care;
 That the yearnings so voiceless within me
 Are worship, and faith and prayer,
 That my sorrow is spiritual struggle
 To climb from the hold of the sod,
 That my sorrow will burst into music
 When I come to the bosom of God.

So I'll trudge with my hope and my heart-break
 Till I knock at the gates of the tomb,
 And the cry that's imprisoned within me
 Shall ask for a voice and for room,
 And my yearnings shall go through the ages
 And call for the Love of my quest,
 I'll seek through the voids till I find Him,
 And then, only then, can I rest.

THE MAPLES

I 'rose from my bed this morning
 As the East was lit with the dawn,
 And the Maples were giving the warning
 That Autumn was coming on

Some Spirit had told the story
 And the Maples picked up the tale,
 And their branches are flaming with glory
 The herald through hill and vale.

I wonder what is the reason
That the Maples are first to hear,
And the first to be telling each season
That its Autumn-time of year.

Is it their sorrowful duty,
By Jehovah's wonderful plan
Just to polish their branches to beauty
And herald the news to man?

20

I DREAD TO SEE THE SUMMER GO

I dread to see the summer go
And winter days begin,
With toss and tumble down of snow,
And winds that growl and cut and blow,
It starts me shuddering.

I love to watch the flowers smile
And catch their fragrant breath,
Their laugh and beauty are worth while;
I dread the snow to fall, and pile
And crowd them down to death.

The birds that sing with soulful song
Are angels on the wing,
They are a glad and zestful throng,
The winter seems so harsh and long
When they are not to sing.

It is the autumn time of year,
Yet I am happy, O,
I pledge to find a round of cheer,
And for sweet music I shall hear
The bells across the snow.

Let rage the storms of winter strife,
And summer joys depart,
Let outward cares and trials be rife,
It does not matter if the life
Is cheery at the heart.

Great north-winds come, with fury blow,
Seize all in your control,
And shovel down great loads of snow;
Yet I am glad, for I shall know
It's summer in the soul.

FRIENDSHIP

Through snow-cold or the summer sun,
 In the round of the year, from day to day.
 When life flags, and its strength is done,
 True friendship's cheer goes not away.
 God saw our need, our lonely strife,
 In the world of our thought, our care, our sin,
 He saw the heart-break of our life,
 And kindly brought sweet friendship in.

And friendship brings upon the heart,
 In the touch of its mystic, sweet good-will,
 Though circumstance tears friends apart,
 That sacred joy that lingers still,
 That lingers long and lingers far,
 Through the time and the space that lead our way,
 And shines more brightly than a star,
 And makes life's dark seem like the day.

Sweet friendship is a gift divine,
 In the hold of the heart to hope and cheer;
 It lifts the life to vision fine
 And yields it what our souls count dear.
 Our calm content, our quiet faith
 In its loyal love that will never tire—
 These make the strength we labor with,
 These gladden, hearten and inspire.

The friendship that will never fail
 To reveal to the life its noblest part,
 That stands through all that would assail
 The holy helper of the heart,
 That bears the test of fire and shame,
 In the world of our strife, our sin, our tears,
 This is the friendship, in God's name,
 That holds our friendship through the years.

MY FRIEND

My friend, I speak to you—
 It was so sweet to name you as my friend.
 You will be true, I know,
 Till life is done,
 And give your mind to holy thought,
 Your heart to noble deeds.
 And afterwhile we shall be friends again,
 Or, rather, keep on being friends,
 In that blest place of God
 Where time or friendship never ends.

YEARNING

The schooner sails the prairie-sea
 And hopeful to the west,
 Its sails lead on expectantly
 Into the land of rest.

And as I watch this ship of hope
 To distance go its way,
 And sink behind the western slope
 I bend my heart and pray;

For I would journey o'er the plain
 To empires stretched afar,
 I'd sail the prairie's rolling main
 Out to some distant star.

This world is never what it seems;
 It's prairie-seas I roam,
 I'd sail away in pleasant dreams
 And find another home.

THE EVENING HOUR

The sun is sinking in a sea of fire
 Out at the edge of prairies stretched afar,
 And soon will shine with passionate desire
 The eager light of many a brilliant star;

The meadow-lark would well-night burst its throat
 In song and rapture, vibrant, glad, and free,
 My life has never heard more thrilling note
 Than climbs from out its spirit's ecstasy.

And all the world seems crowded full of song,
 And all the world ablaze with flashing light,
 But we must turn from this and step along
 Into the fear and panic of the night.

For lo! the fire fades, the colors die.
 The sun is gone, and darkness settles deep,
 For stars glint down from out a shadowed sky
 And bid a weary world and men to sleep.

And such is life,—its day and sunset hour,
 With glory on the sky out to the west:—
 Then fading light and loss of song and power,
 And in the dark the soul yearns after rest.

But there is faith that leads out through the night,
 Our hope is led and beckoned on and on,
 We know that God hath other realms of light.
 That death's deep dark will come again to dawn.

OVER AND OVER AND OVER

Over and over and over
 Comes winter the self-same way—
 Bringing its whitened cover
 And the storm-swept biting day.
 And tucked in between the winters
 Is summer time, gentle and mild,
 As though two blustery bullies
 Had hold of the hands of a child,—
 But winters and summers all hurry
 And make up the total of years,
 And there comes in the sweep of their action
 Our duties, our joys, and our tears—
 And life hastens on without stopping
 Or resting for catching its breath—
 And today we are romping as babies
 And tomorrow we slumber in death.
 We never can fathom the reason
 That lies at the heart of our lives
 Or tell why we welcome one season
 When lo! a new season arrives—
 The Springtime is vibrant and vernal
 And tomorrow the autumn is here—
 But we know that our lives are eternal
 No matter how rapid the year.
 We live, and we live on forever,
 And we never give up to die
 Our lives flow on like a river
 To the Ocean of By and By.

RESOLUTION

Today I do a task that's big,
 I must not fail.
 Yesterday I thought I would,
 But seemed to put it off.
 Last night I made my mind
 That if another day should come to me,
 I'd do a worthy work.
 And now the sun is up—it is today!
 Go forth my soul and do thy task,
 But do not come tonight and say
 "The work has not been done."
 Today I do a task that's big;
 The sun is up—it is today!

LOVE WILL ALWAYS FIND SOME TOKEN

When you meet a soul that's broken, write the poetry of pity
 O'er its trembling sense of pain;
 Love will always find some token—be it countryside or city—
 Its compassion to make plain.

There are lives subdued and lonely, held in passions of their sorrow;
 Wrapt in silences, they cry,
 These hurt hearts are yearning only that some Love out in Tomorrow
 May reclaim them, lest they die.

Like some ship that drifts at distance, vagrant on a pathless ocean,
 Hopeless of the haven far,
 Checked by every small resistance, tossed by every wild commotion,
 In the dark, without a star.

Such the heart in fearsome groping, weak, and beaten down in spirit,
 In its shadowed solitude,
 If you win it back to hoping by Love's pure, unselfish merit,
 Yours is Christ's beatitude.

There are souls whose only duty is to bear their heavy burden
 In the patience of long years,
 Till, some distant dawn of beauty, they shall win life's choicest guerdon,
 Out beyond this vale of tears.

Oh, the hearts that look above them, hearts of sob and deep repining,
 Hearts that anguish while they roam,
 Hearts that look to God to love them, look where Heaven's light is shining,
 Hearts that yearn for rest and home!

Will you give them song and flowers, friendship's fellowship and sweetness,
 Help inspire, and urge through love,
 Till their broken, fragile powers find their joy and glad completeness
 At the Father's heart above?

When you meet a soul that's broken, write the poetry of pity
 O'er its trembling sense of pain;
 Love will always find some token—be it countryside or city—
 Its compassion to make plain.

IMMORTALITY OF FRIENDSHIP

Carve not my name on a shaft of rock,
 Nor cut it on burnished steel,
 For these are dead and crumble away—
 They neither can speak nor feel;
 But write my name on the heart of a friend
 Who is true to the highest I prize,
 And my name shall gleam like stars of flame
 Across the eternal skies.

Sound not my name with trumpet's blare
 With thunders and tumults of sound,
 For these all die in the echoes of time
 And lose in the soon redound,
 But whisper my name in the heart of a friend,
 Whose yearnings find answer in me,
 And my name shall speak in the music of words
 And sing through Eternity.

Hold not my name in this mortal form
 To be locked in time in the tomb,
 For the name of me goes virile without—
 It's a soul that asks for room,
 So give my name to the heart of a friend
 Who'll be loyal and loving for aye,
 And my name shall live with a throbbing joy
 When the worlds have passed away.

I AM ALONE SINCE YOU HAVE GONE AWAY

I am alone since you have gone away;
 In crowds I press the throng,
 And hear the voices mix
 With glee and gladsome song,
 But they are not for me.
 You live and yet you seem to die,
 And dying, call to me farewells;
 You are so near,
 And yet beyond my clasp—
 I feel your heart-throb pounding with my own,
 I hear you breathe,
 You laugh like happy bells,
 And then you sigh—
 And I am sad for aye,
 For all my joy was born to die.
 Like morning dawn, I laughed and sang
 And thought not of a dying day,
 Of tears, or loneliness, or sad farewells,—
 I am alone since you have gone away.

WHICH?

Wrong throws life down, and breaks its hold
 On all that purifies and lifts,
 It wrecks its heart and steals its gold
 And saps the vigor of its gifts,
 And when its ruthless work is done,
 And life cries faint with fevered breath,
 Wrong laughs and mocks—its victory won—
 And goads the vanquished life to death.

Right lifts life up to noble heights
 Of vision, on faith's sturdy wings,
 Where life can thrill with pure delights
 And where the heart throbs glad and sings,
 And all life's wealth is made secure,
 Its forces lift o'er weak'ning strife,
 Right makes its riches to endure,
 And leads life on to greater life.

THE FLATTERER

The oily tongue of flattery—
 Of it, my friend, beware,
 When praise is lavished over-free
 'Tis needful to take care.

You may not read the motive deep
 Within the voice of praise,
 Where snares are set, keen vigil keep
 And test the artful ways.

Not dark suspicion would seem wise
 To hold toward those you meet,
 Yet flattery's smooth, and crafty lies
 Might lead you to defeat.

The student of the years may trace
 Along life's artful track,
 How he who soothes one to his face
 May knife him in the back.

These are the moments to take heed—
 When praise brings inner bliss,
 Betrayal's blackest, vilest deed
 Was hidden in a kiss.

The foe most fatal to the heart
 That shadows you or me,
 Is this false, shrewd, and slippery art
 Of subtle flattery.

"IT MUST NOT BE AGAIN"

"It must not be again"—thus spoke our Chief
 Before the caskets of five thousand Dead,
 Which told in silence of the wide world's grief,
 Of millions slain, of living hearts that bled,
 Of war's wild slaughter, of its awful cost,
 Its flow of blood, its hot and drenching tears,
 Of great potential forces wrecked and lost,
 Of progress checked within the march of years;
 "It must not be again" our Chieftain vowed
 With solemn purpose that all war should cease;
 Before the silent Dead he humbly bowed
 In dedication to the cause of peace.

"It shall not be again" a world replies
 In answer to our Chieftain's lofty dream;
 The hearts of men, which sorrow purifies,
 Stir vibrant to love's high and noble theme
 Until from nations, cities, shops, and farms
 Call back five hundred million earnest men
 "The world will lay aside its battle arms
 And as for war, it shall not be again."
 And thus there comes a tranquil, war-free world,
 This heart-break, bloodshed, wreckage, pain shall cease;
 O'er every land will fly the flags unfurled
 Of love and brotherhood, good-will and peace.

BE KIND

Be kind, the cost is little and the value great,
 It blesses you and others, so be kind.
 The one you gently help will lift the gate
 That lets you in, possessions new to find.

Be kind, the old world needs so much your friendly voice,
 For hurt souls live by kindness, so be kind.
 A loving word will make the sad rejoice
 And cheer the broken heart and fretted mind.

Be kind, the cost is little and is worth the while,
 Your life will gladden by it, so be kind.
 Some heart will catch the sunshine of your smile
 And all it yearns will seek in you and find.

THE RAIN

The rain is dancing on the roof,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 Its rhythmic cadence gives the proof
 That some musician taught it that,
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

I've listened to it sad, and long,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 It sings a weird and lonely song,
 And sorrow must have taught it that,—
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

It sobs for all the multitude,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 Of broken hearts in solitude
 And friendless in their habitat,
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

'Tis music of our human tears,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 That fall in sorrow through the years,
 Some Spirit-voice has taught it that,—
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

And hear the requiem being said,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 In solemn drum-beat for our dead
 With soft and measured rat-i-tat,
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

O stop your voices, sobbing rain,
 Patter, Patter, pit, pat,
 Let joy break through and laugh again
 Let hope and heaven teach you that,—
 Patter, patter, pit, pat.

THE SOUL'S AUTUMN HOPE

It is Autumn, and my spirit, at the pathos, deeply grieves—
 Pathos of the coming winter, pathos of these painted leaves,
 At the sadness of their dying, how my spirit deeply grieves.

Soon the wicked winds of winter will with cutting harshness blow,
 And the frozen world will shiver, wrapt in ice and sleet and snow,
 And the sombre clouds of Heaven will shake down their loads of snow.

Leaves that flame through all the forest, e'er you quit the lonely tree,
Tell the secret of your living, why your going saddens me,
Why so soon with brilliant colors, you fly from the lonely tree.

Do you mean that all our living is the breathing of a breath,
And that life is for a season, only to lie down in death,
That the joy and thrill of living tumble low to sleep in death?

But you say that after winter, springtime buds will burst to bloom,
That the soul will leap immortal and that life will break the tomb;
Ah! the happy life of Springtime when the soul shall break the tomb!

85

GLOUCESTER

Little city by the sea,
To every toss and dip of wave,
My heart has danced in ecstasy
At the music that it gave.

I love your rich, rugged shore,
Your ocean far and wide,
And there tumbles evermore
The racing breathless tide.

I love the ships that sail the blue
And fade beneath the rim,
Their banners float farewell to you
As they sink into the dim.

The ocean is so vast and strong,
Eternal is its heart,
Its arms reach out so far and long,
They clutch earth's farthest part.

And little City, thou art brave
To front the Ocean's wrath,
And greet the ships that plow the wave
On a wild and fretted path.

Thou are the hope of many hearts,
Their dream, their faith, their home,
And on they come from distant parts
Though heave and dip and foam.

And Holy City, like a gem
That edges Life's wild sea,
My hope, my soul's Jerusalem
I'm sailing out to thee.

SOME SUNDAY MORNING SOLILOQUIZING

I think I will not go to church today,
 The week's been heavy, and I'm all tired out;
 I need the rest,—I think I'd better stay
 Right here at home and while the time away;
 I'll simply take my ease and lie about,
 They will not miss just one, and what is more
 I well deserve a day off now and then,
 For I most always go, through rain or shine;
 I'll rest and that is what our Sunday's for.
 This working all the week, and then again
 On Sunday—not for once—no, I decline,
 I'll take a rest deserved and lounge around
 And let the hours while themselves away;
 The chance for leisure is not always found,
 I think I will not go to church today.

I think I will not go to church today,
 It's hard to work to fix, and dress, and go;
 I guess, if needed, one can bow and pray
 Right where he is—perhaps the truest way,
 For Christ himself condemned parade and show,
 I guess if one just tries to live all right
 He need not put his goodness on a perch,
 The chiefest thing is not to do, but be,
 The truest prayers are secret, not in sight,
 I guess I do not need to go to church.
 The service is so often long, and he,
 The parson, though he may be very good,
 Is sometimes dry, and hasn't much to say
 He doesn't preach the way I wish he would,
 I think I will not go to church today.

And yet I'll miss it if I stay away,
 Somehow the Sabbath will not seem quite right,
 I might not have the zest to think or pray,
 I'll lose some blessing if I miss today,
 Some strength for toil, some cheer for dark'ning night,
 Some thought, some vision, some divine desire,
 Some urge to faith and courage in life's strife
 Through worship with the others who are there,
 Some uplift in the music by the choir,
 Some word of comfort from God's Book of Life,
 Some Godward impulse through the words and prayer
 Of him, whom I should help by loyal heart,
 By my example, prayers—in every way.
 In this good cause of Christ I'll do my part!
 I think I'd better go to church today.

OCTOBER

The leaves are yellow, brown, and sear,
 It is the autumn-time of year,
 The air is clear and crisp.
 And all the hills are bright and sober
 In the brilliant garb of deep October,
 Rich, superb.
 I love these days—
 All beauty near and far away,
 And thoughts go dreaming yon and wide
 O'er rolling plain and heaving tide,
 And yonder, farther than the stars.
 I wonder what October means.
 Its beauty, sad, but sweet and light,
 Is talking words so strange to me—
 It makes me dream of childhood days,
 And of old age,
 Of winter snow and springtime flowers,
 Of death, and of a life to be—
 It seems to say that I shall die,
 And live again some other day.
 I wonder in the world on high
 If they ever have October.

OUR FRIENDS OUT OVER THE SEA

There are homes out over the ocean
 Like homes on this side of the sea,
 Sweet homes of love and devotion
 And of honor and purity,
 Whose love-ties are loyal and tender
 And earnest and sacred and strong,
 And whose passions sweetly engender
 The mem'ries that linger life-long.

And these homes are loving and loyal,
 And honor the same God as we,—
 Their spirit is noble and royal
 Their atmosphere happy and free,
 But the flag of some other nation
 Commands their devotion and love
 And they bow in true consecration
 To their banner that floats high above.

And they are our friends and our neighbors
 Who live in these homes o'er the sea,
 They know the same passions and labors,
 They love the same liberty,
 Full freedom, through law, we both cherish,
 Whether home-land or distant the sod,
 Two flags,—but our friendship can't perish
 Nor our mutual worship of God.

OUR TASK

To live is just our task
 And all that living means,
 To do the things life asks
 And be the thing life seems.

To prize and hold the real,
 To spurn the bad untrue,
 To seek the grand ideal
 And simple duties do.

To be just what we are,
 And honest as the day,
 To push our vision far,
 And journey on our way.

To love and hope and trust,
 And faithfully to work,
 To do the thing that's just,
 And never seek to shirk.

This is the simple plan
 Upon our passing sod,
 Whereby the life of man
 Goes on to be with God.

SOULS APART

There are great souls that live apart,
 They suffer
 And yet enjoy,
 They love, love hard and long,
 And sometimes they cry.
 Others cannot understand,
 But these hearts apart
 Have no dwelling with the crowd,
 They are built for other spheres.
 They call, and the world has no answer.
 They are in quest of minds to satisfy their thought,
 And other hearts of passion, deep enough
 To soothe their own.
 They love planets and violets,
 And all things tender and sturdy.
 Their hearts vibrate like harp-strings
 With the mystic and romantic.
 They are wanderers alone, yet gypsy-like,
 Across the years,
 Somewhere they shall find company,
 Perhaps with God.

LET LEAVES IN SOMBER DAYS DEPART

The valley trees, the hillside trees,
 Display their branches, flashing bright,
 And in autumnal chilling breeze
 They shake a shifting scene of light;
 Their brilliant show, their somber show,
 Their sad and many colored glow
 Seem but the echo of the years,
 Life's battle with its thousand fears,
 its voice of love, and hope, and tears.

The winter snow, the hard cold snow
 Will tumble soon and drive and drift,
 And winter winds will snarl and blow
 And trees their naked branches lift;
 October leaves, these sparkling leaves
 Speak forth the truth the heart believes,
 That though the summer days are gone,
 They'll come again when snows are done,—
 That faith the spirit labors on.

For, every year, each round of year,
 Come summer, autumn, winter, spring,
 And after wicked storms, appear
 The smile of flowers, and gay birds sing,—
 These cheer to zest, to happy zest,
 And hold life faithful to its best.
 Let autumn flash its farewell art,
 Let leaves in somber days depart,
 God whispers hope to every heart.

MY OWN STATE—NORTH DAKOTA

Land of the crocus and wild red rose,
 Of the wide far plain and the vibrant breeze,
 Where a radiant sky looks down and glows
 On the spirit's trembling ecstasies.

Where springtime heralds the yearning year
 At the meadow-lark's clarion glad behest,
 How it sings at dawn its song sincere,
 Or when Sol paints passionate the west.

Your prairies of summer dream along
 Toward the harvest's wealth of rolling wheat,
 Then the reapers drive with their harvest song,
 So buoyant, and merry, and high, and sweet.

At last your plains are swept with storm,
 'Neath the sombre clouds, and the wild winds blow,
 But Dakota friendship is true and warm,
 And joy ne'er dies in this land of snow.

THE NOBILITY OF NATURE

Hills are honest, clouds sail high with dignity,
 In forests, more than folks, I place my faith,
 From the world's sincere and rich benignity
 I gain the courage which I labor with.
 The fields are true, and all the sky above me
 Is frank as grass that breaks the springtime sod,
 Though folks disdain, I know the flowers love me
 And all the out-of-doors is talkative of God.

The stars are noble; and they glint and twinkle kindness;
 Old Ocean's faithful heart heaves passionate and vast
 Big distances are seen through all our blindness,—
 Their splendors tell of sanctities that last.
 And though all friendships fail in tragic sorrow,
 And gypsy-like I trudge the darkened day,
 While hills are honest I can trust Tomorrow,
 While fields are true I cannot lose my way.

Strong world of Nature, 'tis your honesty I cherish,
 Your grand majestic strength of truth that I believe,
 While you are true my trust will never perish,
 If you keep faith with me my heart can live,
 For if, with solemn honor, hour by hour,
 You tell me God is good, and great, and near,
 Let storms with wildness waste away their power,
 The honest fields and skies dispell all fear.

Oft human voices and diplomacies deceive me
 But sincere landscapes smile and glow and talk,—
 They tell my heart that God will never leave me,
 But cheer with hope and love the road I walk,
 The myriad leaves with laughter soothe my sorrow;
 The birds chant themes about abiding youth;
 The skies are honest, and I trust Tomorrow,
 The hills are noble, sturdy hills of truth.

A world of honor stirs my soul to passion:
 A faithful sky!—my blood, like fluid fire,
 Leaps strong, beneath Divine compassion,
 To lofty purpose and sincere desire.
 With fields and skies and hills of honest beauty,
 With every flower true that breaks the sod,
 My trusting soul aspires to do its duty
 And bring its earnest efforts back to God.

LIFE'S BROKEN SHIPS

Life has its many thoughts, like ships,
 And purposes that win or fail,
 They fly like words from eager lips,
 And out upon the sea they sail.

They go with energetic forms
 And purposed for the distant port,
 But some are caught in fatal storms
 And all their hopes are broken short.

Yet some with courage push their way
 With will and vigor to arrive,
 They sail rough seas without dismay,
 Their vibrant passions throb alive.

But ah, life's tragic ruined plans,
 Life's broken ships, its failing dreams,
 Life's lost and buried caravans,
 Life's fake mirage, its empty gleams!

How often life in eager youth
 Goes forth with zest and earnest heart
 But falseness overthrows its truth,
 And noble plans are dashed apart.

Thus many a life of sturdy power
 Falls in the snare of tragedy,
 The years fall ruined in an hour;
 Life's ships go forth and sink at sea.

O God, who knows the life of man,
 The sorrows and the hopes cut short,
 Come down and lift the broken plan
 And bring our ships at last to port.

AUTUMN

The light hangs gay and lazy on a hundred thousand trees,
 It is Autumn, and my thoughts are as vagrant as the day,
 For October is at carnival—a riot of bright leaves,
 All is frolic on the hillsides, but I bow my soul to pray.

For beneath this blazing beauty is a sadness of farewells
 Like friendships that are parted when our loved ones go away,
 And the laughter of the summer and the chime of happy bells
 Are hushed to sad reflection as I bow my soul to pray.

But I look out past the Autumn, past the Winter to the Spring,
 In the promise to come back again of friends who go away,
 And the joys once more will gather and all life will lift to sing,
 What a vibrant hope commands me as I bow my soul to pray.

WINDOWS

I am looking through the windows of a deep and yearning heart,
 From the little world of living that's my own,

And I see

That in all the world around, in every part,
 There are flowers blooming brightly
 And gay birds singing sprightly
 And glad stars twinkling nightly
 Alone for me.

O the joy of having windows with the curtains lifted high,
 Not to sorrow in a spirit dark and drear,

But to see

All around the fields, and hills, and shining sky,
 And to know the trees are growing
 And the brilliant flowers blowing,
 And friends their kindness showing
 Each year for me.

What a gift from God the windows that are opened all the time!
 And with Heaven's sunlight streaming from above,

And I see

That the very cares of life are made sublime,
 And I hear the angels singing,
 Their songs the winds are bringing,
 And the bells of God are ringing
 His love for me.

BEYOND THE SHADOW

O soul of mine, I bid thee now
 Not to fear the shadow.
 For a little while the way is dark and hard.
 And thou shalt seem alone.
 But have brave faith, and hope,
 Be victor over heart-break and wild pain,
 For out beyond the Valley of the Shadow
 There is no pain.
 And there the light is shining on the hills
 And it is Perfect Day.
 And out beyond the Valley of the Shadow
 Lie all the empires of thy dream;
 And friends are there,
 And all thou holdest dear,
 And Heaven, the kingdom that is Home;
 And Christ is there,
 The Splendor of thy hope, and All in All—
 Beyond the shadow.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The leaves of all the hills and vales are lit with autumn flame—
They speak the wonder of our God, and the glory of His name,
All the splendors of October spread before our dazzled eyes,
Till the miracle of grandeur stirs our hearts to high surprise.

As though some artist of rare skill were perched at every leaf,
In the passion of his masterpiece, the tumult of his grief,
Who, through windows of his heart-break, sees the vast immortal glow,
And paints his leaf to beauty, e'er the fall of winter snow.

We know that all this thrilling view is only born to die,
For soon the heavy loads of snow will tumble from the sky;
The trees against the somber gray will lift their naked arms
To bear the prick of winter sleet, and the bluster of its storms.

We weave the fabric of our lives with laughter, songs and tears,
And dip the joys of friendship from the chalice of the years,
And, withal, the dews of sorrow are distilled upon our breath,
For the luxury of living is wrapt about with death.

The leaves will quit the lonely branch, with harsh and rasping sound,
And, dry and crisp, they'll scurry down and rattle on the ground,
And, soon or late, life's fire of love, and ruggedness of toil,
Will tumble, laggard by the way, and mingle with the soil.

These colored leaves are weary of their clinging to the tree,
In the heart-throb of their dying, they throw smiles at you and me,
And, with all this grand mosaic, there's a meaning deep beneath,
All this camouflage of beauty is the brilliancy of death.

And the leaves on fire with splendor, with crimson, brown and gold,
Speak the language of our sadness, tell the story that is old,
That the glory of our living is the glory of a day,
All the grandeur that is mortal shall wither soon away.

Yet these poetries of autumn are God's promises to man,
That, beyond the grip of winter, the earth shall sing again;
Though the leaves of life shall tumble to the silence of the tomb,
There shall be another springtime when the buds will burst to bloom.

In the frosts of late October my heart takes up its tune,
And sings the song of springtime, of roses, and of June,
I am ready for the winter, its cut of sleet and snow;
No storm can make me shudder while the soul has heaven's glow.

The profusion of grand color that daubs the distant slope,
Tells my soul, in all its struggle, to be sturdy in its hope,
For the God of the great forest has a springtime yet to be,
And though death-frost chills the body, it will never conquer *me*.

NOVEMBER

Month of the chill wind and the first snow,
Of naked trees and the dull sky
Is November.
Month of the far look
To days gone by and days to come,
Of dreams and hopes,
When years on years do tumble in our thought,
And friendships dead, but pain us to remember.
Month when the heart breaks
At the cry of the lonely wind,
And the scratch of the cold snow,
Month when we pray for summer,
The aurora of its dawn,
The aroma of its flowers
Yet knowing that the days are far
When prayers are answered,
And our dreams come true.
Month of the home-gathering is November,
To thank God for the harvest yield
Of orchard and the fertile field.
To say that we are highly glad
To be alive and know the cheer
Of loved ones and kind hearts,
And yet a month of tears and sobs,
Of hand-clasps and of sad farewells,
Of heart throb, impulse and desire,
When hearts burn with baptismal fire,
Is November.
God help us push the soul
On and on, and on, and on,
Through pain, and with the zest of hope
And past these gray and sombre days,
And past their wind and cutting snow,
And past the winter cold and storm,
And past all fear and hate,
And past the ice of sin and death.
O God, be thou our friend
Until eternal springtime bursts
Refulgent on the heart,
And all our dreams come real.
Then never more these dismal days,
With dull dawn and the cold snow
Of late November.

THE HEART'S WINTER

It's winter, and the wind is wild and high,
 And tossing snow-loads from the sky,
 As though the world were angry at the hearth
 Where I am warm and glad.
 It's good to have such cheer,
 Such warmth, and books, and friends,
 And crackling logs,
 And dreams.
 And though the world is banked with snow-drifts white
 And deep,
 I dream of roses,
 Summer skies and valley larks.
 I dream of frolic on the hills,
 And labor in the field.
 I have big faith
 That when these storms have swept themselves away
 All tired and worn by useless zest,
 They'll leave the world to springtime and its flowers;
 And often when the storms of life
 Beat hard upon my heart,
 And winter shrieks and screams,
 I take me to some quiet place
 To pray and trust
 And dream about the life that is to be,
 All springtime up with God
 And in the shelter of His love
 Forevermore.
 It is so sweet to trust and know
 That God is good,
 That no wild storm can break the soul,
 But it waits happy at the hearth of hope,
 Till life's immortal springtime bursts.
 O, winter, haste away!

MANHOOD'S PRICELESS CROWN

Young man be true,
 Whatever says the folly of the age,
 There is no compromise with wrong.
 Whate'er you undertake to do,
 Remember God spoke long
 Ago, and neither fool nor sage
 Can change the rule for you.

 Your honor hold
 Unsullied, for it marks life's finest prize;
 It fames and flashes radiant light
 Better than citadels of gold.

Nobility in doing right
Outshines the stars, outlives the skies,
And thrives when time is old.

Stand thus apart;
Hold virtue high in vast and sacred awe;
Whate'er the passion of the throng,
Herein is living's highest art—
To do the right, eschew the wrong;
Have heaven's high eternal law
Inscribed within your heart.

Above renown,
Or any gift of earth, is being real.
With giant dignity of soul
That naught of evil can hurl down
Hold life with true and firm control;
Guard well lest thieves break through and steal
Your manhood's priceless crown.

51

CLOUDS

The clouds that float the sky seem vagrant ships.
They dream and idle o'er the airy tide,
And some make patient, long but yearning trips
From earth's one edge out to the other side.

And some just ride about like laggard yachts,
Their sails spread wide to catch the passing breeze;
They flock together as in friendly lots,
And sail and play in lazy companies.

And now there steams in view a ship of war,
Gigantic, black, with huge and ugly form,
Its fire flames, its heavy guns all roar,
Great battle-ship—this pounding cloud of storm!

And sometimes on a pleasant summer's day
Just tiny boats will dot the zenith-blue
All pecked in white, they bask, and dream, and play,
Just as our human thoughts and fancies do.

And now a ship drives out across the sky
Quick, earnest, and determined on its way;
It rides the billows of the sea on high,
Some haven far to reach e'er close of day.

And sometimes, in my thought, a cloud I seize
And in the azure-sea I dip my oar,
And bear my soul to vast realities
Out to some far, and rich, and radiant shore.

HE CALLED ME FRIEND

I pondered and my heart grew vastly glad.
 He called me "friend"—yes, it was he,—
 That man superb and whom I long admired.
 He seemed so big, so strong and true,
 God in him and about.
 And when he called me "friend,"
 I smiled in silent wonderment
 And with a conscious thrill,
 A laughter seemed to lift itself in me,
 So sweet and light that I was half afraid
 That it would pale and die.
 And as I was in bed that night,
 I lay awake—
 It seemed unsafe to sleep.
 He was so fine to own,
 I feared that I might lose that friend.
 But foolish me! he was too true to lose.
 A heart-throb big as out-of-doors
 Leaped through my vital soul.
 Ah! life is new;
 And so is hope and faith and zest,—
 I walk a king—
 He called me "friend."

A LITTLE RIDDLE

I'll ask a little riddle—see who can answer well,
 If no one names the answer, of course I'll have to tell,
 What has every body?—they need not travel far
 To find it, for they have it exactly where they are
 If they only look, they'll see it in each community.
 You cannot guess? I'll tell you,—it's Opportunity.

The details of our living are fraught with big concerns,
 And often bring the gladness for which the spirit yearns,
 'Tis God who puts the measure in the worth of worthy tasks,
 We are to humbly follow and do the thing He asks.
 Have we, from smallest duties, any true immunity?
 No, life's continuous challenge is Opportunity.

No matter what one's name is, or whether great or small,
 Each has a chance for service, who really looks at all
 There are so many duties ever needing to be done,
 So many wrongs to straighten, that challenge everyone,
 And so many causes calling, with importunity,
 That no one needs to tarry for Opportunity.

The very chance at service means duty, sure and plain,
 Though only words of kindness to ease another's pain.
 Why ask some mighty mission and pass the idle hour?
 Let's do the simplest duties,—we cannot know their power.
 Can those who fail to do them, expect impunity?
 No, we must render answer for Opportunity.

THE SENTINEL

It is marking off the moments, as they come and stay and go,
 It is never late nor weary, it is never dull nor slow,
 It is ever at its duty, and with rhythmic stroke and call
 It is crying out the moments—that old clock upon the wall.

It is pointing us to action as it marks the passing time
 And it calls to me to hasten in the chanting of my rhyme,
 And it says that days are going and are piling into years
 And that life will soon be over with its pleasures and its tears.

Yet within the flying present there is work for us to do,
 And we need to use these moments for the duties high and true,
 Now that time is pressing onward, we must heed its beck and call,
 We must take the solemn warning of the clock upon the wall.

Soon the day will sink to darkness, soon the snow will pass to flowers,
 Soon the months and years will gather from the moments and the hours,
 Soon our youth will pass to manhood, and our manhood pass to age,
 And our lives will turn their volume to write out their closing page.

What a sentinel of watching and of warning soon and late.
 What a stimulus to duty, what a challenge not to wait,
 What a strengthener of motive, what a help to one and all,
 What a call to life's quick labor is the clock upon the wall.

THE BIBLE

Digging out the gold from God's great Book,
 The human heart sits happy at the hearth of hope,
 And grows in conscious strength
 At its great exercise of joy,
 Wrapt in the thrill of God,
 Truths leap like nuggets from the printed page,
 And find their lodgment in the soul—
 The very wealth of faith and life.
 One loves this Book as one might love a friend—
 A friend who knows life's holy worth,
 Who never sinks to that great crime
 Of blighting with some poison breath
 The sacred inner sources of the soul,
 But some majestic friend who lifts the heart,
 To lofty love, to noble purpose and desire
 To stalwart power, sacred toil,
 To vision and to holy fire.
 Life meets its foe and finds its sad surprise,
 And when there comes that crash of youth's
 Pure, iridescent dream—
 Born of flaming fancies of our childhood's
 Simple trust,

Our full, believing, untried faith in men and things—
 When comes this crash, as come it must,
 We need sane stay,
 We need the hold of holy habit
 And the strong substantial force of truth—
 Truth, high, divine
 Truth found alone in God's great Book,
 And gleaned by eager search,—
 This Book to guard and guide our way
 Thru life's routine,
 Thru storm, thru sorrow and thru sin,
 Thru doubt and dark and death,
 Till God his kingdom's door throws wide
 And lets us in.

56

MY LIFE IS JUST A BUSY STREET

My life is just a busy street
 A commerce in thought, a frolic in the best,
 A fair exchange in the traffic of the crowd,
 A market-place for enterprise and zest,—
 A street severe as law, and mild as love,
 That meets the fortunes of the day,
 Smiles, sorrows, calls from below, above,
 Dreams, greets friends, and sees them go away.
 And from this street I yearn for ample fields,
 For stars to shine and lead a distant road,
 To leave this din and go where silence yields
 The chance to hold sweet fellowship with God.
 While in this narrow street of toil and cries
 How oft with hope and faith my soul is blest,
 Where shall I find what really satisfies,—
 Where from this busy street my heart find rest?
 Around the corner!

57

MY NATIVE NORTH DAKOTA

North Dakota—land of the crocus and the wild rose,
 The tall grass and the far plain,
 Land of plenty room, and air that's free,
 Where kiss of June and winter snows
 Are joy and poetry to me.
 The chill of wind, the dash of rain,
 Out on your empire big and far
 Are all a charm that lives, and grows
 The sanctity of memory.
 'Till distant boyhood, like a star,
 Doth light me through the dark of now;
 And happy times in years ago,
 Of youth, and play and earnest quest

Are diadems about my brow,
And comforts that I labor on.
Rich inspirations of the West,
Where friendship glows with passion's hold,
The living true sincerity,
The noble, earnest, honest zest
Of truth and love and liberty,
In that vast prairie—land of life,
Where life more beautiful and fine
Than palaces of blazing gold
The humble homes of earnest folk,
Who spurn the shame of hate and strife,
But hearts are big as out-of-doors,
And wear no many-colored cloak
Of soft, polite, and false pretense,
But gruff, and frank, and true, sincere,
The sort the human soul adores,
That last and live from year to year,—
Such lux'ry of Love's opulence
Annoints the friendship of the West.

And North Dakota's prairie-air,
'Neath skies that arch like azure glass,
While far horizons edge the world,
Is ozone worthy of the Gods—
The tonic and the wine of health.
And in this rich luxuriance unfurled,
Down at your feet, amid the grass,
Some laughing, glad-eyed flower nods,
Reminding one of all the wealth
That Nature holds to her great heart
In beauty and in true desire—
The glory that we would not pass,
But count life's best and noblest part—
Those things that all of life inspire.
O Land of roses, sweet and wild,
Roses, perfume—dipt and traced in art—
You are the country for a child—
The land for eyes, and youthful ears—
For birds that love and rove the plain
That chant and chatter on the wing
Are birds of joy and melody,—
The joy of living bursts to song,
To thrilling, tuneful ecstasy;
How oft in thought my spirit hears
These North Dakota songsters sing.
I love each happy note and strain
That sings the North Dakota bird—
Its rapture stirs response in me.
And chief and best the cláricn tone—
That grandest song I ever heard,

That cuts the air at rosy dawn—
The North Dakota meadow-lark,—
It gives you joy to labor on,
And thrills the heart till night grows dark.
And then I love the simple way
The flowers grow in wild array.
In sweet disorder through the field—
They give that silent voice of cheer
That somehow only flowers yield.
O North Dakota, you are grand
And big and far, the round of year,
In Winter's hold, in Springtime's bloom
You are a great, warm-hearted land,
With sunsets passionate with fire,—
A land of liberty and room,
Of purple crocus and wild rose,—
And gophers steal their right to dwell
And dip into their tunneled homes
And flag their tails in quick farewell,
A land of hopes and high desire,
Where courage battles trials and pain,
Where hopes come real when harvest comes,—
A land of wheat, and seas of grain
That wave in billows in the wind
And toss and dip like tides of foam—
The story of a laden yield.
Then reapers sing across the plain
And golden sheaves are garnered home
From North Dakota sun and rain
And brawny labor in the field.

Now Winter comes with rugged form,
With bold North wind and drifting snow,
With sleigh-bells tinkling through the night,
While wires sing their zero tunes—
These bells make music near and far
Through rigid days and mid-night moons,
Or travelers press their homeward flight
Beneath some cold but friendly star.
But better yet the sturdy storm,
The wild North wind with husky voice,
And rollicking, tumbling drifts of snow—
The thrilling ventures, wild alarms
Of blinding blizzards and groaning storms—
And all the air a sheet of white
And all the world a voice and roar,
And all beneath a frothing foam
Like flies in fury on some shore,—
Who knows the luxury of storm
With muscles brawny, strong and firm,
With ruddy cheek and hearty laugh,
With blood that tingles and leaps strong?

Who laughs at all these sheeted forms
 That stalk through North Dakota Storms?
 Who etch their art on window-panes—
 The artists of the winds that ride
 Across cold North Dakota plains?
 Let Santa laugh across the snow,
 Let sleighs glide yonder, here and far,
 O'er fields of white, through tingling cold
 Let wild North winds with bluster blow,
 It's fun to live, for young or old,
 In this wide land of storm and snow,—
 Land of the crocus and wild red rose,
 Land of friends and the virile laugh,
 Land where the wind of winter blows,
 Land of the frolic of the snows—
 The outer world knows not by half
 The joy that North Dakota knows,
 But native to its charm, I know—
 The joy that North Dakota knows,
 And pray that I may ever know
 The joy that North Dakota knows.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Youth of the West—big, brawny and gaunt,
 Ulettered, sad-eyed, of earnest mien;—
 You dug your ax to the core of the trees,
 And felled the sturdy giants.
 With muscles of iron you split their trunks,
 Deep in the sylvan glades,—
 Calm-souled in the wild solitudes.
 In the dream of our souls we seem to hear
 The chopping, chopping, chopping,
 With faithful rhythm, earnest monotony,
 And the firm true measured power,—
 Thrilled to know that the brawn of Honest Abe
 Is loyal to its task.
 E'en then you were getting ready
 To dig the ax of justice, driven straight,
 To end a people's curse.
 Your home—a cabin of logs—plain,
 And humble, and frank with poverty's array,
 Of simple fixtures never planned for palaces,
 But for silent places, modest, and in retreat,
 But, dwelling there, with purpose big,

With genius of soul and skill of mind,
You were fitting life to live for aye.
In the affections of mankind,
And in the palaces of human hearts.
By the dim uncertain torch of the smouldering embers,
Sprawled, full-length, in the abandon of thought,
Lost in the thrill of truth, following afar the lure
And lead of learning, in the quest to know;—
Scratching a school-boy's numbers on a shovel-slate
Of wood, and peeling for more slate;
With books, a paltry few, but of worth superb,
Books, much-prized, devoured, and hard-worked for—
'Twas thus you built your brain to the march
Of the Mighty,
While your inmost soul bulged huge
To the bigness of truth, with the force of purpose,
And the stir of greatness.
Face of homely beauty, of sad strength, of kindly justice.
Chiseled by the lines of law, and plowed by pain,
Eyes of warmth, and lit by love,
Great man of heart-throb, man of rugged deeds,
The Moses of our age for a race of slaves,
Man of great words, and the grand deep silences of truth,
The passion of nobility and sympathies so vast and far;
Lover of liberty, who through fire of war,
Wast calm and great, and patient to the last,
And in the victory of the cause that saved the land
Declared men free, and prayed that God
Would bind the nation's wounds, and heal the hurt.
The Giant's task is done, the rugged soul's upheaval
Of power and passion and holy fire
Has saved the hour.
Standing in the splendor of the dawn of hope,
The storm past, the clouds cleft, the thunder hushed,
Across your furrowed brow the smile of cheer,
Your sad face lit with sacred joy—
Great, grand, triumphant, glad with rest,
Thou are whittled down in death—
The pall of darkness settles o'er the world,—
Lincoln is gone! Lincoln is gone!
Nay, Lincoln lives in the hearts of the people,
Lincoln, the Great-heart of yesteryear!
Lincoln of the forest ax, the log cabin,
And the mid-night fire, Lincoln of great faith
In God and man; Lincoln of giant mould,
Great arm and power, of courage and of sorrow,
Lover of children and all things good and sweet.
In all history, legend or tradition,
Where stand tall souls,—
Children of men. behold and cherish
Abraham Lincoln!

THE CITY

I'm weary of the city's crush, its ugly sound, its din,
 Its rush, its roar, its heavy pound, and hate, and greed, and sin,
 Its cumbrous walls of glass and brick and wood and iron and stone,
 And in its swarming mass of folks I feel so much alone,—
 Its voices seem so cutting cold, its heart so stoic hard,
 With naught of pity, earnest joy, or song, or deep regard,
 Its passion seems to only get, and not to freely give,
 To merely feed and pamper self and not to really live—
 To live the tranquil life of peace, and patient love, and prayer,
 And lofty hope, that sweetly breathes a great immortal air,—
 Of this it never seems to dream, and even less to know
 But all seems artificial, cheap, and palpitating show—
 No happy birds to fly and sing, no flowers of God to bloom,
 All hate, and haste, and fiery lust, and greed from birth to tomb,
 In squalor of its haunts so cramped, so fowl and damp and dark,
 Comes ne'er the happy, sincere, song of sweet-voiced meadow-lark.
 To enter there in weariness, and hard slam out the street,
 'Tis but an ugly prison dim, of stench and filth, and heat.
 The waifs of narrow alleys never know the gladsome thrills
 Of meadows, laughing brooks, and fields, and sun-light on the hills.
 And if to turn and go within some brilliant palace halls
 Of pomp and show and splendor gay,—you still are facing walls.
 The shine of all this prisoned wealth, the flare of classic art
 Will ne'er appease the hunger of the needy human heart,
 The carpets with their rich designs that seek to far surpass
 Are never half so good and fine as violets and grass.
 The city is so big, and grand, and yet so pinched and small.
 Some soul more brave and kind might share the heart-break of it all;
 This cramped and harsh confusion, how my restless soul abhors—
 I want the room and loving lure of God's big Out-of-doors.

But when I go and bend to toil, with faith and love and prayer,
 I feel the City's throbbing heart—and God is everywhere.

THE VICTORY OF HOPE

Though facts should call our lives to tears,
 There's something in our souls that always sings;
 Joy stands behind the sorrow of the years,
 There's something vast behind our sufferings;
 Of many ills we do not know the why,
 Through dark and doubt and mystery we grope,
 But faith that throbs within us can not die,—
 Some Love Supreme holds high our hearts to hope.

THY REDEEMER LIVES

Be care-free,
 Laugh with the winds, and sing with the stars,
 Leap far and fly, like the wild bird,
 In altitudes of gladness,
 Thy Redeemer lives.
 Time swings unhindered
 To rich immortality.
 Earth's pains and cares
 But kiss thy mortal cheek
 With chilling dews of twilight,
 Just before the dawn.
 Be glad—
 The silence of the night,
 So deep and sad
 Is but the hush that heralds
 Forth the song of angels
 From the sky.
 Be patient, and await
 The time when God shall speak,
 With sweetness in His voice,
 And love within His heart.
 He hath fine words to tell thee
 Of hopes, and deeds, and loves
 In days to come.
 Rejoice, and check the flow of tears,
 The God of all the worlds is thine,
 Today and ever just the same;
 He loves thee with undying love.
 Take hope and heart,
 For thy Redeemer lives.

I LIVE TODAY

I live today—what for?
 To eat and play and while the time away,
 To earn some coin and scheme a plan
 To spend it on some other day?
 I live today—what for?
 To meet in rivalry my fellow-man
 And find a satisfying thrill
 To beat him at the game of life,
 In lucky exercise of skill,
 And then to quick congratulate myself
 That I am victor in the strife,
 And glory in the gotten pelf?
 I live today—what for?
 A dazed monotony of toil,
 A mere routine of stupid tasks—

To dig, and plant, and then to reap
 The dull, material harvests of the soil,
 And never heed the things my spirit asks?
 I live today—what for?
 Ah! Live I but to build the soul
 To dignity and truth, as on I go,
 To love my fellow-man and God,
 To yield the part to gain the whole,
 To say and do the best I know,
 To dream of all that I am meant to be
 And make it real,
 To worship and to press my march
 Out toward the goal,
 Through time and through eternity,
 And this I feel
 Is that for which I live today.

LURE OF THE GLOUCESTER SEA

I found the night so strangely dark,
 And cried afraid with fretting fears
 "What does the Darkness say?"
 Landscape and sky I could not see.
 As Death, all ghastly, cold and stark,
 Brings surging sorrows, pains and tears,
 So sobbed I long as one alone,
 As if some friend had gone from me.
 Better to bow my soul and pray!
 For pressing spirits tune a song,
 As lulls the flagging river's flow,
 Strange, sad, unknown,—I listened long.
 Oh could my soul but only know!
 What does the Darkness say?

I felt the Forest, strong and high.
 Old sturdy, proud and rugged trees,
 What does the Forest say?
 A swarm of souls, my heart believes,
 Pervades the Forest from the sky.
 They float the aisles on sylvan breeze,
 And dreaming angels herald hope
 In stir and rustle soft of leaves.
 Better to bow my soul and pray!
 The sober, sacred, templed halls
 Are filled with music, sweet and still,
 And songs and sobs and shouts and calls
 Undreamed, that make me leap and thrill.
 What does the Forest say?

I pressed the lap of Golden West,
With field and prairie stretched afar.
What do the prairies say?
I sailed in thought the distant blue,
And won for me both pain and rest,
As new-born fire for fading star,
I caught one flashing gleam of joy—
More sky-born light I never knew,
Better to bow my soul and pray!
O'er fields of bloom and grass and grain
A voice I heard from Love's own throat.
Tell me a line, one magic strain,
One thought, one word, one lyric note
Of what the Prairies say.

But stranger far what moves and keeps
The great, grand Ocean, high and wide.
What do the Waters say?
The soul of Distance fastens me.
Oh, quiet heart of vaulted Deep,
Beneath the tugging, racing tide,
Once calm, my spirit bursts in storm—
To laugh, or cry, great leaping Sea?
Better to bow my soul and pray!
My bosom bounds, then strangely grieves,
Emotion swells with changing flow,
As hard thy bosom sinks and heaves.
Infinite Deep! could I but know
All that the Waters say.

On rocks that edge the yeasty sea,
I dream what sings the solemn Deep.
What do the Waters say?
The air breathes forth a matchless voice
Half sad, half glad, it seems to me—
As sighs a sick heart gone asleep,
Yet seems so buoyant, laughing light.
To call, or weep, or sing, rejoice?
Better to bow my soul and pray!
So strange and suasive, weird and low,
Majestic, grand, with tone divine.
Oh, could my soul but only know
A word, a clause, one liquid line
Of what the Waters say.

Grand bulging Ocean, wild and wide—
In holy worship heaves the Deep—
What do the Waters say?
The sweeping Reaches speak to me
From out the crest of Love's far tide,
And broad Horizons make me weep,
The sky and sea, so high and far!
The lure of Sacred Mystery!
Better to bow my soul and pray!

The voice of Darkness, voice of Trees,
Voice of Empire, Plain and Lea,
And voice divine afloat the Breeze
All join at once the singing Sea,
What do the Waters say?

What says the far-wide-reaching Sea?
Oh, Soul of Life that shakes the Grave,
What do the Waters say?
List! hear my heart the still, small voice,
The great Unseen communes with me
In toss and lap and break of wave—
"A Father's love, high, wide and deep."
Oh, laugh, or cry, or sing, rejoice?
Better to bow my soul and pray!
The God of Ages charms my heart.
Eternal Deep of Love Divine,
Teach me one word, one sacred part,
One phrase, one thought, one fervent line,—
What does Jehovah say?

63

WE THE PEOPLE TO OUR PRESIDENT

Hold high the law,—
Its dignity and strength exalt the right,
It must not suffer compromise;
To cherish it with sacred awe
Is noble, practical and wise,
It is our gleaming torch of light,
The strength on which we draw.

Safeguard our land,
Its happy homes, the freedom-air we breathe,
The love of learning and of truth,
Our institutions great and grand,
That to our hosts of eager youth
A heritage we might bequeath
Which shall forever stand.

Enrich mankind
With all that great America can give
And take to every foreign shore
The justice mortals yearn to find.
Thus help promote the wide world o'er
The ideals which we seek to live
In home and heart and mind.

Throughout the world
Make war to cease—its hate, its hurt, its fire.
Its cost, its death, its wild alarm
In which humanity is hurled;
Let Love's heroic sturdy arm
Bring peace that shall mankind inspire—
God's banners high unfurled.

JANUARY

The storms are wild and quite contrary
That sweep the world in January—

The winds are gruff and high;
It seems their stern and firm opinion
That all the earth is their dominion
And clouds that drive the sky.

And their powers great majority
Gives them a strong authority

To lord o'er hill and plain;
But their lawless bold activity
Will soon be in captivity
When springtime comes again.

The storms have lost their hold on reason
To tyrannize this winter season,

And frighten us to awe,
We'll welcome back the springtime's merit
Whose sweet, but legalistic spirit
Will bring the reign of law.

But why fret we at boistrous antic
Of winds so blust'ry, rude, and frantic,

Our hearts know true control—
Sweep wild ye storms, harsh and contrary
In boistrous, lawless January,
There's calm within the soul.

ON LOVING WINTER

It is winter-time. I love it—
Growl of the wind and the snow-storm,
Bite of the cold, and the voices
Of laughter and rapturous singing,
The jingling and tinkling of sleigh-bells
Out through the night and the star-light,
Over the hills and the valleys,
Out to the road of the country;
And the good cheer of the fire-side,
The crackle and glow of the embers,
And the whisper and dance of the shadows,
And the lull of the heart to its dreaming,

Dreaming of Springtime and flowers,
 Dreaming of friendships that linger,
 Dreaming of childhood far distant,
 Dreaming of old age approaching—
 Big is the charm of our dreaming.
 And under the stars that glitter,
 So cold and voiceless and splendid,
 Through the hush of the night and its silence,
 Or under the sun in its glory
 That rides through the sky as a Monarch,
 The winter is friendly and kindly,
 With heart that is royal and rugged.
 I love its clouds in their floating,
 And even the storm at its fury,
 Rollicking, splendid, gigantic,
 The tumble of snow and the power
 Of all the muscles of winter—
 This is the winter. I love it.

OUT ON A MISTY SEA

Out on a misty sea life floats its vagrant ship,
 Its lazy dreams fly laggard o'er the tide,
 Into the depths beneath its dullard questions dip
 Or sail to dim horizons far and wide.

And thus the years slip by in wonderment and dream,
 Life finds no soothing answer what it's all about,
 It wonders if realities are everything they seem,
 If facts are only shadows, and faith but forms of doubt.

And what it seeks in earnest is disillusionment,
 To find the true substantial in the mist and fog of things,
 To come to full awareness in the maze of wonderment
 And know the inner meaning of its joys and sufferings.

Perhaps its ship of yearning will need to drift the sea
 Until some favoring wind shall take it into port,
 And, coming to the Home-land, the mists shall clear away
 And the fogs will fall back sea-ward that cut the vision short.

But out upon the sea in the haze and dream of things
 The ship drifts here and there in the mists that reach out far,
 And yet through all the longing and the fears and questionings,
 There glows with joy and glory Hope's scintillating star.

High looms the Cross amid Earth's desolation
 Death lifts to life and shadows flee away;
 That ancient Landmark, still Love's revelation,
 Gleams hope and light to all the world today.
 To hosts of different mien and wide opinion,
 Thro' earth's blood-drenched and solemn dark-
 ened parts * * * Shines forth
 the Cross o'er crimson War's dominion,
 To cheer the faint and heal the broken hearts,
 The wide cast woe and human tribulation,

The world-swept flood of blood and bitter tears, Our modern sorrow, stormy
 culmination, Of all the varied anguish of the years, Have led us from all
 sordid gross ambition, To where the Cross lifts o'er our sodden soil, and
 where the heart turns in its new condition, From lust for gain to love's high,
 thrilling toil. The heart-throb of that sacred crucifixion, Away from marts
 where greed so long enticed, Has led life's purpose to its new conviction, The
 service of the sacrificial Christ. Through fire of war, we caught the holy
 vision, where flags of many nations were unfurled, Vast war-fields were the
 empire of decision, That heart-throb is the force that rules the world, Our
 ears shall only hear the partial story, Of all the sadness, pain and bitter
 grief, Beneath the pride and pomp of martial glory, Lie wickedness, and
 hate, and cruel death. Earth's weary of this strife so bad and bestial, That
 mows men down upon a crimson sod; We call for love divine, sweet
 love celestial, To transform men to do the will of God. Obedience is our
 life, where love is legal; Where law is love and love is strong and real;
 'Twas at the Cross where sacrifice was regal, And humbleness revealed
 life's true ideal. For he who hung and died in lowly fashion,
 * * * * * Who gave his blood on Calvary's
 cruel rood, Has shown how real the greatness of compassion, How great the
 blessedness of servanthood. In shame and death he gave himself for others.

In death he spoke love's universal call, That
 we are living in a world of brothers, And God
 is lord and father of us all. Upon his back our
 heavy load, for love's sake, Beneath our sin he
 tugged up Calvary's slope, And died and thro'
 the darkness of their heart-break, Men look
 and see the shining star of hope, And in the
 passion of that glowing hope, they gather,
 They lift their hearts in sturdy faith and pray,
 "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done! O,
 Father, In all our weary, broken world today,"
 In hand-clasp of good-will and sweet rejoicing,
 Men yearn to live in happiness and peace, The
 ideals of the Christ their hearts are voicing,
 That fellowship is here and wars shall cease.
 Good-will is written large on all the pages, Of
 books and minds and hearts the wide world
 o'er; The Cross is speaking thro' the love of
 ages From pole to pole, thro' Empires, shore to
 shore. O Lamb of God, give us to see the beauty
 Of tugging hard beneath the common load, In-
 spire us to the thrilling charm of duty, And
 gladden every life along its road. Baptize us,
 as our hearts throb at the portal Of purpose,
 and of tasks that must be done, Give us great
 faith, thou mighty King Immortal For
 victories of peace that must be won. Down
 at the Cross we kneel in supplication To
 Him who bled in love to save His own,
 Come, living Lord, to every land and nation,
 Make every human heart thy royal throne.
 For larger labor help our incompleteness,
 Give us to see life's higher good from dross, O
 break our hearts and fill them with Thy great-
 ness, The sacrificial greatness of thy Cross.

EVENING PRAYER

It is summer and rose-time for weather,
 It is star-time and evening of day,
 Gladness and sorrow together
 Tug at my heart while I pray.

Oh, my living is labor and beauty,
 It is plowing and planting the sod,
 Bending my back to my duty,
 Lifting my heart to my God.

And above me are voices eternal
 That are wooing in God's wistful way,
 Vigors with life ever vernal
 Leap to my heart while I pray.

It is God bending down in sweet union,
 Just to thrill me with hope, vast and strong,
 Heart-throb and mystic communion,
 Vibrant with impulse and song.

It is summer and rose-time for weather,
 It is star-time and evening of day,
 God and my heart talk together—
 Heaven is here while I pray.

I CAN HEAR THEM SWEET AND LOW

The bells of God are ringing
 Through the glades and evening light,
 While about the world of worry
 Falls the mantle of the night;
 The zephyrs kind are bringing
 Every clear and earnest tone—
 Oh, the bells of God are ringing,
 And my heart is not alone!

In the sacred hush and beauty,
 How I listen! how I pray!
 How the faithful toil and duty
 Yield the comfort of the day!
 How my trustful heart is singing
 Through its wonderment and woe,
 Oh, the bells of God are ringing,
 I can hear them sweet and low!

And from out their hallowed music
 Comes the language of the years,
 I can read the deeper meaning
 Of life's hot and teeming tears,
 How with faith my life is clinging
 To the joy that is to come!
 Oh, the bells of God are ringing
 In the city that is Home!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 235 249 0

J3196S6

1922

